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The Higher Life.

A Poem.

By

Oscar FitzAllan Wisner, A. B.

MARTIN & WURZBURG,
Printers,
Grand Rapids, Mich.


P. T. Wisner

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ADA, MICH., September, 1899.

To my long-tried friend John Leland, of Ada, Mich., this poem is inscribed by the author, hoping that we may be permitted to greet each other after the full completion of the New Birth,

When we shall be glorified
In mansions of the blessed,
Where our weary feet find rest.

O. F. WISNER.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

By Oscar FitzAllan Wisner, LL. B.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, might, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.
"Do this and thou shalt live."

Bible.

CANTO FIRST.

1.

Immortal Edict! from the mountain's height
'Mid roll of thunder and electric light,
If well observed, I lift to heaven my hand
And shout: I live forever with the Angel band.
No ages count against me in their flight,
Nor shadow fiends surround on wing of night.
No doubts or fears strike terror to the soul,
Nor lightning's flash that leads the thunder's roll;
Nor spirit lost from New Birth's snowy scroll.

2.

Immortal as Thyself if we obey,
Whilst countless ages in silence pass away;
But disobeyed, alas! The saddest doom
For that poor soul in rayless night of gloom.
Forever filled with memories of the past,
That scourge the soul with scorpions to the last.
No star to cheer at midnight's solemn hour,
No angel visit, sent by higher power,
No valleys green, nor rocky mountains tower.

3.

No dewy morn that gems the emerald plain,
No timely shower to cool the fevered brain;
No sun that wheels across the gorgeous sky
In regal state that gladdens traveller's eye.
No mother near with cheerful voice to bless,
No sister dear to give the fond caress.
But fearful shrieks and howling demons near,
That shout the eternal doom within our ear,
With screams that sound the diapason clear.

4.

Such are the laws that His own finger wrote,
On stony tablets in the years remote;
And in these laws we see a living flame,
That burns to ashes all the deeds of shame.
O changeless love! That wings with rapid flight
To our assisstance in the darkest night.
Shall we forget Thee and thy love for aye?
That hovers o'er us on life's thorny way,
With flowers immortal from the tents of day.

5.

How glorious these laws! Beautiful and bright,
That fill heaven's mansions with a golden light.
Here is no conflict; evermore the same
Glow they eternal with a quenchless flame.
None but a loving parent could ever make,
Two laws parallel that through ages take
Their long journey in measureless flight sublime,
And in their nature reconciling all time.
In east or west, in cold or torrid clime.

6.

Though our dull spirits may not understand
The reason of God's ever just command;
As we by plodding industry may trace
The geometric lines that glide through space.
Still He has given us the mental power
To trace our maker's love in lowly flower,
And through the changes of the passing year,
He sends this message: "I am ever near
To comfort thy sad heart in paths so drear."

7.

He made us Him to love and not to know
His ways mysterious in this vale below.
The crashing thunder of the clouds to hear,
And note the lightning's fiery pinions near.
These are the effects of His almighty power,
That break upon our souls in terror's hour;
The cause is God. He who creation made,
And calls the lightning from the deepest shade,
With noisy thunders echoing through the glade.

8.

The Omega of all space, has not been seen
With many a fathomless abyss serene,
And Alpha of eternity is still
A most mysterious void that nought can fill.
Then why should we attempt to find out Him,
Who made and fixed the stars in distance dim,
The b'azing comet can but backward send,
The startling news: "There's no beginning and
no end;"
And still we find in Thee the kindest friend.

9.

List! To that strain that falls upon the ear,
So very distant and yet so seeming near;
'Tis the song of the stars in praises to God,
Who made them of dust and the valley's low sod.
When at morn they began their circuits sublime,
With this song of the stars at the day-dawn of time;
And ever since then their chariots have fired
The heavens with light still unexpired,
Like billows they come and depart, never tired.

10.

Our God is love and mighty to fulfill
His plans, though hidden from our vision still;
And yet he uses means as we to-day,
As myriads of His wond'rous works display.
He has no need of help, and wonderful of all
He holds as grain of sand this Earthly ball,
With oceans, continents and mounts sublime,
That fling their shadows down the slopes of time
To warn the erring in their course of crime.

11.

He's told us all we ever need to know,
In love to live in this sad vale below.
Seek not with prying eye His ways to scan,
For they are 'bove the ways of finite man.
He's with us all the time and guards us too
In night Egyptian if we to Him prove true;
No time, no place, but we may clearly see
Our Maker's presence in His Infinity
Of Father, Son and holy Trinity.

12.

God made us to be happy! Shall we despise
His precious gift, that dazzles mortal eyes?
This the great end of being, this shows His love,
And the tall mansions in His realms above.
He could have made us to suffer endless pain,
With life enduring torments of the brain,
And still survive these tortures through all time;
This could not be! With boundless love divine
That on the realms of darkness ever shine.

13.

How beautiful this image, Godlike form!
That sees His power amid the drifting storm.
But does He use the means? O, to be sure
And all He asks is "ever to be pure;"
In all our thoughts CHRIST'S NEW BIRTH WITHIN,
Excluding thus the vilest thoughts of sin;
Satan's efforts then are weak and vain,
For Jesus keeps us from his fearful reign,
Unsullied by a thought or guilty stain.

14.

"Keep and perfect!" the thought within His mind,
Here we behold the love of parent kind;
And be ye perfect, is His just command
That echoes through all time in every land.
Perfect in well thinking is the thought conveyed,
For all our deeds are first in thought arrayed;
He made us in His glorious image pure,
Without a stain and in His love secure;
His yoke is easy, we its burden may endure.

15.

"Keep and perfect!" in lack of which we fling
To dust the waters of the crystal spring,
What God has given, we should cherish ever
As diamond pure—defying change of weather;
But how shall we perfect this priceless gift,
In this short life that flies like arrow swift.
The New Birth give us more than ample time,
To keep us safe from every thought of crime
And lead us to His glorius mount sublime.

16.

And what we lack in this life God will fill
Of His abundance, which flows like mountain rill;
Do what you can for life is short indeed,
Oft we regret its swift and tireless speed.
Perfect these gifts, then we can truly say
We shed no tears for loitering by the way.
Keep and perfect! and God will credit show
In His great book of life, where pages glow
With good deeds done in this rough vale below.

17.

Protect yourself and keep yourself from harm,
Let no vain fears your christian souls alarm;
Hold fast your faith and keep your temper free
From daily strife, then may you clearly see
The brilliant victories gained o'er evil every day,
In the short journey o'er lifes rugged way.
Be generous to the poor and never question why
The beggar asks for bread, but lift your soul on high
And bask in sunbeams of the golden sky.

18.

Then may you know why God has given you
The sun at morn and diamond drops of dew;
Perfect yourself then may you clearly see
Your own great faults, CHRIST SPOKE THUS TO ME!
And what He says must evermore endure,
Long as the stream 'neath throne that flows so pure;
Preserve yourself from every way that trends
O'er flowery paths that His great soul offends,
For God himself our virtuous course commends.

19.

Our senses five, which He has kindly made,
The soul's bright avenues to the deepest shade;
By which the outward world is fairly known,
Is part of His great love as yet unknown.
And now we hear sweet music that awaits
The christian spirit at the pearly gates;
For we are taught by the New Birth alone
That Christ will greet us around His throne
And love us ever as our Redeemer's own.

20.

O may we never in all our years forget,
"Keep and perfect!" then will we ne'er regret
The many hours, that made our life of years
Filled with sad heart pangs and foreboding fears.
Then will our spirits evermore rejoice
IN THE SWEET WELCOME of our Saviour's voice.
May we His hallowed gifts forever keep
And lay them at our Saviour's bleeding feet,
When'ere His glorious presence we may meet.

21.

Keep and perfect! consists not in the deed,
That makes the wound reope anew and bleed.
This is not perfection; how can we perfect?
That which we destroy by such gross neglect.
Keep and perfect! the grand result will make
The glory of the christian, as he gladly takes
His long journey never to return again,
It may be along the ever endless chain,
That fills the golden bowl from purple vein.

22.

Keep and perfect! Till the last dread storm
Encircles you about and clouds your brightest
morn;
Ere leaping thunders call from darkest cloud,
That speak of dangers in noisy terrors loud.
Keep and perfect! These voices dreadful speak
With nature's iron lungs in thunders break;
But the morrow will dawn brighter than ever.
Then shall we see as seen by the Giver
And rejoice in view of that beautiful river.

23.

Have you valued the soul, lost it may be?
And never regained whilst crossing the sea.
Unvalued this treasure — this treasure in gold,
Thus are we taught by the sages of old.
May we never forget that priceless the soul,
As it journeys along to eternity's goal,
And when it is lost, O then comes the hour,
And the all dreaded doom of Infinite power
That beats on our soul like tropical shower.

24.

Do you love to traduce your neighbor at times
And fancy you ever 'tis the basest of crimes.
Condemned by your Lord, condemned by the laws,
For the bearer of news has the sharpest of claws.
Should you not be condemned like Echo that speaks?
The last uttered words in panther like shrieks.
Reform it at once! Let not the bright sun
Go down on the sin of an unbridled tongue,
The victory you've gained forever unsung.

25.

Keep and perfect! Ere palest messenger of all
Comes on muffled feet and whispers low the call,
And bids you follow on the frosted floor
With naked feet and quickly traverse o'er
The arid wastes of memory painted bright,
Of other days now laden with affright.
O then you'll wish those memories would not come
To add to all the horrors of your home,
Forever whispering in your ears alone.

26.

Our thoughts have action for evil or for good,
This may be seen in joy or sorrows bitter mood;
This body is servant of the soul within
And from the soul originates all sin.
Godly thoughts produce a happy state of mind,
For spirit life has then become refined;
Such are the lightning flashes of the soul,
For then our spirit's under Christ's control
And ever flows with joy the golden bowl.

27.

If we obey Thee we shall never die,
But dwell in stately palaces on high;
Like the Magnolia with its gorgeous flower
Shedding its perfume 'round some Sylvan bower;
Our life without a shadow, doubt or fear,
That fancies oft a robber lurking near.
Oh! Be Thou with us whilst the ages roll
'Round the peaceful mansion of the soul,
As the great sea-mark of our eternal goal.

28.

Come! let us reason with this still small voice,
That makes our spirit evermore rejoice;
God is the fountain of our perfect joy,
The lasting good which nothing can destroy.
We love the friend who drives our cares away
And aids us with his counsels every day;
Who visits us when sick, and lifts us up
To drink the cooling draught from crystal cup,
The last it may be we on earth may sup.

29.

I stood within the forest, where the sun
Had seldom dared on golden feet to run;
The dark leaved foliage curtained then with green,
Hid the high alcoves of this pathless scene.
The awful stillness of this lovely spot,
By memory dear will never be forgot;
Here once I heard that still small voice,
When primal forest stilled its whispering noise,
That made my spirit evermore rejoice.

30.

In this vast silence the mighty spirit spoke,
And all my soul within me gladly woke,
Woke to the truth that God was there indeed,
And gave His teachings with the lightning's speed.
We read in youth of voice more fearful loud,
Than crash of thunder from the stormy cloud;
This called attention in God's own chosen hour,
That found response in soul of finite power—
Like breaking thunders 'round some ivied tower.

31.

In this vast ocean of all embracing light,
Whose billows break on wilderness of night;
Still are we saved by His all loving power.
That keeps us in our weakness every hour;
And when all other help seems to give way,
He sheds around us golden beams of day.
O heavenly Power ever be with me!
When I shall sail upon that unknown sea,
In my frail bark and meet in joy with Thee.

32.

Thou God sawest ere life with me began,
Ere the red lightnings led in flame the van;
Screaming with voice and blazing tongue of fire,
"Fear God and dreadful terrors of His ire."
He gives us all; and shall we scorn His love,
That flutters to our aid on wings of dove.
He comes at morn, at noon and at twilight,
And guards the soul from demons of the night,
And scatters jewels in our path of light.

33.

"The descent to H—l is easy" we descry,
In glowing letters on the bending sky;
And when we leave our dust and ashes here,
And pass within the veil to us so near;
Then may we know that God is love most pure,
And keeps us safe from every harm secure.
Yes! He is perfect love, and cannot see
His image in fangs of cruel Destiny;
For Fate dwells never with Infinity.

34.

Because we cannot see the hidden cause,
And all the reasons of His holy laws,
We hurry on to many a false conclusion,
And end at last at Babel's wild confusion.
O, happy thought! To be with one so kind,
Beyond our reason which mystifies the mind;
God is pure love and drives our cares away,
As the bright sunbeams usher in the day,
When morning flashes on her upward way.

35.

He is all love and wisdom, too, combined,
And in this truth we rest content, confined
Within the illimitable realms of space,
But ever still within His loved embrace.
We love him not enough; filled with vague fear
We tremble in His presence to appear.
Thus on through life our fate seems sure,
Fixed not by Him whose love is ever pure,
As that clear tide that will for aye endure.

36.

Two roads before me lie, and as I near
One seems so fair I take without a fear.
The other is so narrow and so straight
And yet it leads to city of the Great.
My choice was made free as the mountain air,
And none to blame but me in blank despair.
The chosen path blinded by passion's power,
Led me to Satan's vile enchanted bower,
Where deadly Aconite blooms side fairest flower.

37.

To us He's given through life the power
To drive away the fiend in evil hour;
And had we loved our God with soul serene,
We might have easy shunned "the swelling scene"
For being love He gives us power to stand,
'Gainst artful snares, that lie on every hand.
E'en to the small insect he has given power,
To 'void his foe in hunger's biting hour;
Hid oft it may be in the rosy bower.

38.

God's first law is love — wondrous and sublime!
He sees each one's surroundings at all time.
And loves what He has made so true,
And asks us in return to love Him too.
Love should be mutual; but He can love
And be unloved in gorgeous palaces above.
He could have fated us to love Him too
WITH FORCED OBEDIENCE; what a soulless view!
To take of God, whose love is ever true.

39.

What does He require of finite man?
Something he cannot do in lifes short span.
Dust and ashes can never fail to do
What He commands if we to Him prove true.
God never yet has quenched the living flame
Of love in man. Forever He's the same;
He holds the reins of passion with strong hand
Whene're we drive o'er bogs or sinking sand
That glides far down so still from solid land.

40.

And every time we violate God's law,
We hear a voice "God in my wanderings saw"
And near me stood as stands He near to-day
That we may ever His dual laws obey.
Frail dust and ashes in thy tender youth,
Thy mother taught thee many a golden truth;
But her sainted feet have gone before
And walked with joy upon the shining shore,
To live a life of sorrow never more!

41.

Our Saviour comes to us in midnight dreams
By spirit angels, like clear reflecting streams,
To show us what in future we may be,
After our passage o'er the pathless sea,
That rolls between us and the golden shore,
Where refluent waves are seen to roll no more.
Most glorious thought! forever there to be,
And loved by Christ — and ever loved by me,
Whilst roll the billows of eternity.

42.

The Alpha and the Omega of all things
In sea, on land, or on illumined wings,
Saves us from ourselves — glorious thought!
No love like His by mortal ever taught.
We are the temples of this Thorn-crown'd King,
Who chides like Mentor in our wandering.
A golden chain suspended from on high
Binds us to Christ in mansion of the sky,
Where live we ever; nevermore to die!

43.

Indeed! what kind of parent would he be?
Who left his child a prey to Destiny.
To grope his pathless way in darkest night
Unlit by star or silver moon's clear light.
And is our God less careful of His child?
Than a poor savage of the western wild.
It cannot be! He's evermore the same,
Whether in calm or Nature's final flame
That burns to ashes this cerulean frame.

44.

God cares for us wherever we may be,
As Christ for faithless Peter on the sea,
He teaches us what's for our nature best,
And leaves us free to spurn the rich bequest.
He notes our frailties in this vale of tears,
And safely leads past dragon's footed fears.
Giver of all good! May we ever be
In thy loved care beyond the boundless sea,
That rolls its crested billows to the lea.

45.

Thou shalt love, speaks He to listening ear,
And sends His lightnings 'round with pallid fear,
To warn us of the dangers that array
Their iron columns 'gainst us every day,
And when our feet walk in the path of right,
Then may we see His golden beams of light,
Filling our pathway full of pearl and gold,
As onward march we to our home of old,
Where age on age glide ever on untold.

46.

Choose Ye to-day and be forever wise,
Ere Christ descends in terror from the skies,
Delay not for an hour lest he should come
And find us speechless and forever dumb;
As ox that goeth to the slaughter where
There's none to pity — none even to care —
May none delay; but haste to meet him now,
With hymns of praise and laurels on each brow,
And ne'er forget the spirit of our vow.

O Cromwell! Cromwell! Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served the king, He would not, in my age, have left me naked to my enemies.

Henry VIII.

CANTO SECOND.

1.

From this world to the next Faith builds a bridge,
Above the tossing sea and mountains snowy ridge;
In God's own presence were the timbers laid,
And high the archways all enduring made.
With Faith on swift illumined wings we fly,
And phoenix like we clear the stary sky;
Our mansion in the distance glowing bright
'Mid the rich splendors of celestial light,
"Unclipt about" by shadows of the night.

2.

The winds do blow wherever they may list,
We cannot see their founts but they exist;
Our spirits see this evidence, as strong
As when Nevada sends her storms along;
That overwhelm whole cities in their path,
Like some avenging Nemesis in wrath.
Testimony may or not convince the mind,—
Evidence unlocks the eyelids of the blind,
And shows to "forest-born" Jehovah in the wind.

3.

Evidence sees Satan's legions far away,
All clad in glittering armor for the flay —
Testimony sees but part of what may be,
On land or in the ever restless sea;
Whilst evidence is the pure spirit's sight,
That flashes through the darkness of the night;
Unlike the painted butterfly that plays,
Around the fragrant flower in summer days,
Or kindergarten child that often strays.

4.

Testimony is the messenger, that brings
The sparkling waters from the gushing springs,
Our Faith is built on evidence alone,
This is God's plan — this supports His throne;
Evidence is conscious spirit, seeing clear
Through storm and sunshine of the coming year.
The enlightened spirit sees God's great plan,
That reconciles His wondrous ways to man,
And bows the head of pride that leads the van.

5.

Testimony in court produces evidence —
Evidence is spiritual sight, not sense;
'Tis the soul that sees, not the fleshly eyes —
And revels in the beauty of the skies.
Painted the picture on retina of the eye,
The spirit then suspends its destiny,
Detaining thus to 'wait its final goal —
Then takes it to the palace of the soul
Brilliant as star that lights the icy pole.

6.

On memory's tablet 'tis seen once more,
And glows like fire unless on shining shore.
Such the evidence that condemns the lost
To wander ever on Plutonian coast.
Back in the mythic ages of the Greek,
We see these phantom forms and hear them speak;
But as the years glide on their noiseless way
There seems to dawn a brighter, better day,
That whispers peace amid the battle fray.

7.

There is an assumed power above all thrones,
Whose word is law from centre to the zones.
It stamps its foot, and myriads list to hear
Its mandates fall upon the list'ning ear.
The seven proud hills of Rome send forth the cry
That shakes the air-built pillars of the sky.
The Vatican has spoke, list to the sound!
That rolls its notes along the trembling ground,
Fearful as cry of "fire!" in midnight depths profound.

8.

The German history truthful lessons tells
Of mysteries strange that had their roots in hell.
'Tis known that kings have bent the knee before;
And our fair realms that bind the ocean's shore
With millions of the free, should never fall
And worship papacy as keeper of us all.
Rome has forgot the Gothic trumpet-blast
That shook her ancient walls in ages past,
As cyclone on its vengeful pinions fast.

9.

The German monarch heard the fearful call,
And trod with naked feet Rome's palace hall —
Asking forgivness for his many deeds of shame
That burned within like fiery wreaths of flame.
"The pope will never be appeased," said he,
"Until I bend on stony floor my knee —"
Then tripple crown was satisfied, not before
Would peace and mercy visit German shore,
As oft' they had in ancient days of yore.

10.

The Norman conqueror, aided by the pope,
Brought order out of chaos, as annals wrote;
But never once did William bend his knee
To papal power — but kept old England free.
Free as the winds that blew his snowy sails
O'er crested billows 'fore the sweeping gales.
The famous Hildebrand could never bring
The Norman hero to drink of his loved spring,
That gush'd so free with papal bablings.

11.

Galileo had said, "the Earth moves 'round the sun
With lightning speed her yearly course to run.
"It cannot be," the pope in rage replied;
"Go, call Galileo quickly to my side.
'Tis such a blow to that most Holy Book,
We cannot now the insult base o'erlook."
Galileo came before the pope of Rome,
But came not as the guilty often come,
When summoned to face the papal power alone.

12.

"Galileo must now his theory retract,
And publish to the world, or else be wrack'd."
"My theory, most holy Father," spoke the sage,
"Was found by searching deep in nature's page;
If I have erred, I pray thee to forgive
My erring soul that wishes still to live."
"The Earth goes round no sun," the pope replies
As anger flashed from his disdainful eyes
Like heated lightnings from the stormy skies.

13.

"Do you retract?" the pope in rage once more
Spoke loud as waves that dash upon a shore.
"I do," Galileo spoke, "retract each word I've said,
But still," with bated breath, "truth is not dead."
The pope released him from his iron grasp.
And truth, elated, raised her head at last;
Whilst Earth circles the sun each coming year
On her bright path, but never gets too near,
Like fabled youth, unawed by coming fear.

14.

God leaves us free to take or to reject
His precious gifts. O, may we all reflect!
In these clay dwellings all may not be right,
And still he gives us golden beams of light.
And curs'd be he who will not see the truth —
Better for him he'd never known his youth,
That he might sleep away his morn of years,
Unvex'd by cares, his cheeks unwet by tears
That follow on the track of phantom fears.

15.

When Grecian hero sought his father's shade,
His peerless soul was never once dismay'd —
As ventured he in Pluto's dreary realms,
Unaw'd was he by sight that others overwhelms.
This youthfull hero with Mentor ever near,
Threw off the pallid garments of his fear —
Christ is our Mentor through sorrow's shadow vale,
And captain of our bark whene'er we sail,
No matter for the winds or boisterous gale.

16.

Two kinds of courage every one may claim,
And one looks on the other with disdain.
Christ had the moral courage to lay down
His youthful years and shame a monarch's crown.
His mission was of peace glorious and bright,
And loved he much the silent hours of night.
He might have call'd his legions had he desired;
But peace His Godlike bossom ever fired.
And from the strife His soul in love retired.

17.

Flourished the inquisition once in Spain,
And fearful horrors followed in its train;
Rachael weeping for her loved children lost,
All now become a numerous martyred host.
O, who could live with fetters and the lash,
Of priestly rule and lightning's blinding flash;
Around the stake that bigot's torch has lighted,
Not knowing God; their wicked souls benighted,
Whilst they with fiendish joy seem so delighted.

18.

Loyola's theory is false, his words a lying shame,
That kindled with a bigot's torch a flame;
The end will justify the means he said,
And sold indulgencies and illicit bed.
Shame on the wretch! shame on the pope of Rome!
Who armed him with this power and this alone.
Would that some Martin Luther might arise,
And paint their deeds upon the bending skies —
If possible, the martyrs' shrieks and agonies.

19.

Ignacius spoke in serpent tones: "come in,
And feast an revel in the halls of sin —
I can absolve you from the vilest deed,
And never make my theory a lying creed."
Thus the base villain trumpeted his fame,
And sank at last in infamy and shame.
And now the papacy claims complete control
Of poor, weak mortal's ever priceless soul,
From Earth's great centre to the distant pole.

20.

Spain's Augean stables must be torn away,
And her vast fields be deeply ploughed to-day.
McKinley at the helm will shake her towers,
With ball and shell that vie with tropic showers.
This the great struggle between the crown'd and free,
That stirs the waters of Carribbean sea.
Rejoice! for papal edict can never save
The bright Antilles from a watery grave,
That opes its liquid jaws for Spanish slave.

21.

In years gone by we saw the horrid stake,
That made our soul in fancy's terror shake.
We heard the fearful screams of those who died
By bigot's torch, then laid the book aside;
Thinking to forget the frightful cries of those
Who suffered at the stake terrific woes;
But found no surcease of the martyr's cries,
That rose in vengeance to the vaulted skies
In frightful screams of horrid agonies.

22.

Is there nó conflict 'twixt the laws once spoke?
When Sinai's thunders from their sleep awoke;
And poor Loyola's from the vatican's decree,
That papacy is mighty, bend to it the knee.
The battle is sill on between contending powers,
And brave McKinley storms the Cuban towers —
God never meant that papacy should reign
O'er all the shining provinces of Spain,
Where sleep the heroes of our country slain.

23.

Poor lost Ignacius! had he but known
The love of God — foundation of his throne —
His teachings then would never have been taught
With subtle logic burdened by foul thought.
Poor lost Ignacius! we pity thee indeed,
But could not if we would adopt thy creed.
'Tis void of reason save the robber's plea,
"I want your purse enough to know of me."
And cares as little as the restless sea.

24.

And now 'neath lowly roof with grass o'ergrown
We fancy still we hear a hollow moan.
But 'tis not so! they dwell in tents above,
Encompass'd by our heavenly father's love.
Unfortunate were they because they could not see
How two and one could make but only three.
Hark! to the malediction of the martyred dead,
Who shake on papacy their flaming locks of dread.
As if just risen from a burning bed.

25.

Again we hear from every blood-stained spot,
"The martyred dead will never be forgot."
Lo! Ignacius and his converts flee,
To hide themselves in caverns of the sea;
For memory in her rage is on their path
With scorpion whip, and vengeful in her wrath.
And now she searches all the sounding sea,
With fearful zeal to find where guilty flee,
'Mid rolling billows full of noisy glee.

26.

All seem alike but differ in degree,
As the dwarf pine beneath the stately tree.
What one may have, another too may claim,
As apples differ that grow on tree the same.
Should persecution follow on my path?
With howling demons in their direful wrath;
Because proud science never taught to stray,
My youthful feet far as the Milky Way,
Where constellations wheel in grand array.

27.

My fancy sees the stately column rise
In royal grandeur 'mid the gorgeous skies.
'Tis for Napoleon who quench'd the flame
Of inquisition 'mong the hills of Spain.
The Parian marble standing 'gainst the sky
Is never seen save in our fancy's eye.—
He needs no monument of marble tall!
His deeds are writ in memory's gilded hall,
Where sunbeams in their beauty ever fall.

28.

And now we leave Loyola and his plans,
And turn to Rome with her still unwash'd hands.
Much seems she like the innocent flower,
But she's the serpent under rosy bower.
Heaven is forgotten, and Pluto opens wide
His adamantine gates to meet the coming tide,
And yellow Tiber glides 'neath her bed in shame;
For Rome has lost the glory of her name —
Her silver eagles float no more in Spain.

29.

Like Marius amid ruined Carthage old,
Whilst memory recalls the halcyon days of gold;
Thus Rome now sits amid her ruins grey
And calls to mind the triumphs in her day —
But that is past! Once mistress of the world,
Her silken banners no longer stream unfurled—
All folded now, forevermore are furled!
Dreamless her soldiers sleep, dreamless the Goth,
And all her glory feeds the hungry moth.

30.

But trumpets clanger louder than before,
Will waken echos 'long old Tiber's shore;
Rome's seven-brow'd hills now hear the monarch's
tread,
And Vatican rouses from her restless bed.
And golden Tiara fades before the blast
That wakens all the sleepers of the past.
The thorn-crowned King appears in measured pace,
With glory beaming on His godlike face,
And threatens vengeance on the serpent race.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Richard III.

CANTO THIRD.

1.

The Cuban fight is ended! We return
To paths of peace, where hearts extatic burn.
No sound is heard along our seaboard more,
Save that of commerce, floating as before.
And nations now have learn'd the art to live
In peace, and each his neighbor's rights to give.
Glorious day! Forever live on Time's glorious pages.
Thy deeds will glide adown the stream of ages;
Read by the bards, historians and sages.

2.

The clangor of the trumpet's heard no more,
Nor thunder crash of cannon 'long our shore.
Commerce with snowy canvass skims the main,
Whilst toil has lit the lamp of industry again.
Earth seems a paradise! For nevermore
Will field's of green be stained with human gore.
Hope soars all joyful on her upward way,
And 'mid the stars she finds effulgent day,
In sunny climes, for ever and for aye.

3.

Among the many gifts once left to man
In Pandora's box, Hope ever leads the van.
Her snowy plumage flutters o'er us here,
And cheers us on, and dries the falling tear.
Others have flown, but Hope remains to bless
Our proudest efforts, and give the fond caress.
She paints the silver lining to the cloud,
And weaves of rainbow hues the toiler's shroud,
As upward flies she 'mong the songsters loud.

4.

Unfading Hope! When life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust returns.
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour;
O, then thy kingdom comes, immortal power.
'Tis then our souls on happy memories rise,
To find our promised mansions in the skies.
That stately palace filled with gorgeous flowers,
In garden of the blest and emerald bowers
That glow with beauty round majestic towers.

5.

No wrongs to be avenged — no lasting hate,
That sits enthroned at Pandemonium's gate.
Description here is vain, no pen can trace
The myriad beauties of that celestial place.
Imagination on her gilded pinions,
Fails to describe a part of those dominions.
But flowery walks throughout the golden street
That's set with gems to light our sandall'd feet,
That softly tread, some friendly soul to meet.

6.

Faith, Hope and Charity are busy now,
In weaving garlands for the Christian brow.
These take away our earthly habits vile,
And wreath around our souls angelic smile.
The New Birth reformation quickly builds,
A home within and our vile nature kills.
Weeds out the garden of our savage life,
And drives away the blood hounds of the strife,
To their own kennels with murders rife.

7.

Such is the New Birth gladly now we call,
None see the pearly gates since Adam's fall,
Until he's born again; this stumbling block,
That Nicodemus tried in vain to mock.
But Christ's great wisdom struck the rock,
And the proud soul of Nicodemus felt the shock.
Christ's god-like spirit saw deeper into man,
Than dust and ashes of our life's short span,
That strives through vanity to lead in life the van.

8.

"Know thyself!" was read on Plato's studio,
Which saves from many an hour of deepest woe,
This the golden key which unlocks the door,
Of palace royal and hut of toiling poor.
For when we know ourselves we know another,
And find we differ little from our brother.
These words of Plato remembered are by all,
And give our students wisdom ere they fall,
Too oft we take a step which we would glad recall.

9.

"He's not the man he was," we often hear,
In accents low, fall on attentive ear.
"He drinks no more and stays at home at night,
And hates what once he loved as his delight."
Such are the apparent extremes to-day;
For now he deems it happiness to pray.
How strange this seems, how very strange,
And yet he knows that he has felt a change,
Now free to act and is no more deranged.

10.

Christ came to teach and not to while away,
Life's precious hours in trifles every day.
With Him we battle in the bloodless fight,
'Gainst powers Infernal, 'mid shadows deep of night.
And now we feel new spirit-life within,
With power to keep us from the ways of sin.
The spirit can release from satan's power,
When born again, lost virtue of an hour.
And bring to life the emerald fields once more,

11.

In outward action every deed we trace,
Back to the fount of love or vile disgrace,
And in our souls we find a resting place.
When childhood played upon the homestead floor.
As when Jesus the sinking Peter saves,
When faith had left him on the tossing waves.
And He who form'd us lends a helping hand,
When'ere we venture on the sinking sand,
And cry aloud for e'en a foot of land.

12.

There is a holy boldness unexpress'd,
That glows within our ever quiet breast.
It takes the place of pride, of puff'd up soul,
With stately vanities beyond control.
It lifts the contrite spirit up to God,
Who form'd us of the valley's lowly sod.
And hear we now "Ye are the light of the world."
And march with banners white unfurl'd,
That in the battle never once are furl'd.

13.

Now we may know how glorious and bright,
Our lord has made this gorgeous world of light.
And call'd the New Birth evermore to be
The climax of all thought that makes us see.
The toiler with the New Birth toils no more,
As once he toiled for bread or golden store.
He sings new songs behind his shining plow,
For Christ has placed a gem upon his brow,
That marks him for his own, even now.

14.

Trace we our years back to the happy hour,
When Jesus said come to our New Birth bower,
And taste of wine prepared express for thee,
Beyond the flood that rools 'twixt you and me.
I said to you that at a future time
I'd drink anew of this delicious wine.
And the New Birth spoken of by me,
Will land you safe beyond the unknown sea,
Forever there in love with me to be.

15.

We marvel not at efforts to find out God,
Who formed our bodies of the senseless clod.
What strange illusion! but stranger still our pride,
That scorns to walk with Monarch by our side.
God is love, measureless as the boundless tide,
That rolls its everlasting billows wide;
Unsearchable by man, whose living hour
Is but as grain of sand on ocean's floor,
Powerless to-day — to-morrow wanting power.

16.

"And thou art Peter and on this rock
I'll build my church and hell in vain may mock."
This rock is recognized as truth to-day,
And fades not with the autumn leaves away.
But lives forever, beyond the radiant skies,
Where Christ doth dwell foraye in paradise.
Glorious thought! And truthful at all times,
As mountain wall that lifts its head sublime,
Defying wind and storm this side celestial clime.

17.

On the false theory that Peter then was meant,
The burning waves of error have been sent,
O'er all the land from still Pacific's wave,
To where Atlantic's billows thundering lave.
The rocky shores where eastern cities rise
And chime the praise of Him who framed the skies.
On his confession was Christ's statement made,
And glows like light amid the deepest shade,
And 'mid the shadows of the forest glade.

18.

Freedom of thought! The patriot's welcome cry,
On pinions bright is swiftly passing by —
But will return to bless our efforts yet,
With ball and shell, and gleaming bayonet,
'Mid lurid flame and smoke will then appear
Perdition's votaries, clothed in pallid fear,
Such as once in lost paradise arose
When Satan gazed on Adam's sweet repose
And whispered to himself "Of coming woes."

19.

Would that the Corsican were here to day,
That he might tear the Vatican's doors away;
And fetters break of tyrant's humblest slave.
Who seeks for freedom or the dusty grave.
As when he flash'd through Europe in his wrath,
Like blazing comet on its fiery path —
And woke vindictive powers, forever to combine
'Gainst "child of destiny", in his youthful prime;
Whose memory lives throughout all coming time.

20.

Forever live our deeds on time's glorious pages!
And Peans echo down the coming ages;
That tell of deed's heroic in the Tropic sea
In that great fight between the crown'd and free.
We love McKinley, who boldly dared to say:
"I'll storm Spain's capitol on some future day,
And shake her blood-cemented towers
With ball and shell, that rain their iron showers
On sea and land, and on her waning powers."

21.

Did God look down upon this warring host,
And took he sides with Spanish banners lost?
He's ever anxious for the right, no doubt,
'Though often trampled in the flying route.
Sometimes permits what often seems so strange,
But love and truth with Him do never change.
O joyous thought! That God is ever Love,
And loves His children, in gorgeous halls above,
Whether we call Him Father, Christ or Jove.

"Methought the souls of all that I had murdered came to my tent and did threat to-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard."

Richard III.

CANTO FOURTH.

1.

I saw a great army with banners unfurl'd,
All clothed in white dresses, from the heavenly world.
These were the martyrs who died amid flame,
And rejoiced in the truth and a glorious name.
They witness'd for Jesus when here upon earth;
And smiled when they heard of his thrice humble birth.
They have suffered for truth when bound to the stake,
When, lo! In mansions of splendor they wake,
And now their long rest in quiet they take.

2.

These were martyrs for truth, not for a lie!
O, who could refuse so god-like to die!
Those heroes immortal, who for country have died
And pour'd out their heart's warm purple tide —
Stand now on the top of fame's cloudless height,
Undimmed by the fogs and shadows of night.
And now ever crown'd the immortal of story,
Are free and rejoice in the future of glory,
Though the ages sweep 'round with locks all so hoary.

3.

Vision celestial! What strains do I hear
Now breaking so sweet on my list'ning ear;
Aeolean harps from eternity's clime
Make music so soft on the dim shores of time.
'Tis the song of the martyrs, released from their pain,
And hearing no more the clank of the chain.
No flowing of tears and no sorrow of heart,
For now they are free to come and depart,
Unchased by the serpents in climes far apart.

4.

Each martyr is here, and might truly relate
The pangs of the hour, when bound to the stake.
"We died for the truth", said one to the other,
"And loved only God, truth and our brother."
"Is belief to be forced by fire and the sword?"
And God, to be loved for his glorious word,
"At the will of some tyrant, whose conduct belies
The truth that's spread out on the bright pillar'd
skies,
That beam with effulgence from a million of eyes."

5.

The oppressor and oppressed are seen evermore
To collide in their views on time's clouded shore.
This ever has been and ever will be
Whilst time glides along to the measureless sea.
O wretched state! When will the truth prevail,
And pride learn wisdom, ever clad in mail?
For wisdom is from God, a pillar of His throne—
But little of her hallow'd ways are known
This side the chilly tide, to us unknown.

6.

"Each day of the year our numbers increase
And martyrs to truth will never decrease."
Truth is like gold and sleeps down so low
That naught but prospectors herculean blow,
Can bring its rich treasures to the sun's clear light,
That scatters the damps and the mists of the night.
It's treasures are sought with the pick and the spade
At base of the mount and deep sylvan shade,
Where the waters are clear and laugh in the glade.

7.

Lo! Yonder bigot seated on his throne,
And fancies all he sees on earth his own;
Lands far remote and rivers broad and deep,
And mountains tall that frown upon the steep—
The bigot with his lighted torch on high,
And tyrants rod that reaches to the sky;
These dual creatures emulate some god,
And love the power that gives imperial nod,
And fire with torch and scourge with serpent rod.

8.

For bigot's torch was this fair image made!
To be debased and evermore betrayed;
One way alone remains to glory in reform,
Ere we sink down beneath the coming storm;
For our dear Lord hath all of one blood made,
The fairest color with the deepest shade,
And mankind differ only in degree.
And none can claim a brother's bended knee;
For none are freeer than the toiling free.

9.

We free our garden of the noxious weed,
And tread with pride upon each baseless creed.
Reforms we greet on every hand that rise,
And wait our Savior's coming in the skies.
We of the New Birth worship God alone,
Who draws us to himself close to His throne.
And when our Savior of the New Birth spoke,
The christian spirit in our being woke,
And felt the shock as from the lightnings stroke.

10.

Enough cannot be said of this New Birth,
It makes within a heaven — a heaven of earth.
It stands in presence of imperial state,
And lifts its head above the fancied great.
It glories in its meek, yet lordly power,
And joyful waits the last most happy hour.
There's nothing like the New Birth to our mind,
So soul enobling, and so tastefully refined,
And able to control the powers of hell combined.

11.

Poor lost humanity like Peter stands,
And lifts to heaven its supplicating hands.
And cries for help by thousand snares beset,
Whilst on our ear is heard the word "regret,"
But when we quit our follies in this life,
We then are born again, no longer seeking strife.
Be not surprised that Nicodemus could not see
The wondrous change of New Birth yet to be,
That lightens all like pharos o'er the sea.

12.

God moves in a most mysterious way,
To bring about his plans from day to day;
A wondrous thought and awfully sublime,
That saves our souls from errors at all time.
Christ taught this truth; none but a God
Could teach such truth to this ashen clod;
And every christian this solemn truth may know.
That leads him out of serpent paths of woe,
In this dark vale of sorrow here below.

13.

When Bayard Taylor sought the waters blue,
Of seven mouthed Nile which gladdened then his view;
On his long journey to its mystic source,
Where Africa's waters gather greater force;
He met a ruler of the Negro race,
Who sat beneath a tree, which might we trace,
Back to the gold fields of that shadow land.
Where hills and mounts in great contrast stand,
As if to guard some wave-wash'd golden strand.

14.

Alone he sat, beneath a lowly tree
Of golden leaves, to shade his Majesty;
Broad leaves and veined with ribs of gold,
Such as fancy builds in fairie tales of old,
Whene'er she weaves a costly sylvan bower,
For greatness in its most exalted hour—
Naked this negro sat, and smiled
To think of grandeur like huge mountains piled,
Whilst fancy evermore his vanity beguiled.

15.

After many greetings at the white Nile,
On bended knee and many a futile smile,
The conversation drifted on the monarch's power.
"I'm thought", said he, "at dis present libing hour
To be just near about as powerful as he
Dat sets on golden trone way off the sea."
Thus spoke the dusky monarch of Afric's tribe,
Whose loins were girt about his shame to hide,
'Neath gold-leaved tree, that threw its shadow
wide.

16.

Know we not yet the import of the phrase,
"Light of the world are ye," for all the coming
days,
We look to Him who rules and sees us now,
Each new-born son with glory on his brow.
Wait ever and watch — watch ever and pray,
For the night is now passing forever away.
And the morrow will dawn when this New Birth,
Will glow like Alcyone fairest 'bove earth,
This jewel so bright — priceless in worth.

17.

Our days are but few and short at the best,
And soon we shall take our dust-covered rest,
And when morning shall dawn, then may we hear,
"Well done, faithful," strike glad on our ear.
And of this be assured, that Jesus will meet,
All of the New Birth and lovingly greet.
For such are the jewels He gathers up then,
The light of the world from the humblest of men,
Who shine diamond-like from the shadowy glen.

18.

Our spirits have taken god-like control
For Christ's brightest thought has reformed the soul.
On wing of Hope we mount the upper sky,
Yet live we here on earth prepaired to die.
For now the "old man's fully cast away,"
And deeds of darkness flee 'fore light of day.
Whilst Hope rejoicing on her snowy wings,
High 'bove the clouds her brilliant plumage flings.
And wakes celestial echoes as she sings:

19.

We live as ever on the earth be sure,
But live our souls in higher life secure,
Earth is a paradise to mortals given,
And thin the veil that seperates from heaven.
Justified we hope and purified we know,
From sinful thoughts so full of direful woe.
Most glorious hour! when we can truly say,
We thank Thee Lord for teaching us the way,
Along the path that leads to endless day.

20.

Almighty Spirit! by thy most loving care,
We are snatch'd from depths of deep despair.
Our feet are placed upon the solid rock,
And here we hope to stand 'gainst rudest shock.
Temptations may assail but all in vain,
The drifting storm clouds pour their drenching rain
Whilst New Birth ever stands like golden cloud,
On azure sky bright in its splendors proud,
Dreadless of the lightning's flash and thunders loud.

21.

Be with us through life's journey yet to make,
And save us through Thy loving mercy's sake.
Be with us when the hour of death draws near,
And dissipate with love all mortal fear,
Teach us to love Thee as our life's delight,
For we are dust and ashes in thy sight.
Forgive our sins, remember them no more,
And greet us with thy love on shining shore,
Although we come with tattered sail and broken oar.

22.

When generous Timon of Athenean fame,
Made a great feast, proud senators to shame;
He called upon the gods and only prayed for self,
With no allusion to the world's vile pelf,
His prayer was most unique and stands to-day,
On time's gray pillars fading fast away;
No prayer like his was ever heard before,
In the bright records of Thespian lore,
When Greece in pride trod on dramatic floor.

23.

Our prayer's for all who dwell upon the earth,
That they may taste the sweets of this New Birth.
May all come 'round the table of our Lord,
Who taught this truth, brightest of His word!
If all did know of this New Birth so free,
Each one would fall upon his bended knee:
And thank his God for gift so willing made,
That takes recipient from the deepest shade,
And plants his feet, forever to be staid.

24.

Where he may lift to heaven his crowned head,
And smile at thunders and at midnight shade.
Lord help us evermore to see the need,
Of this New Birth — the higher life indeed!
Spreading like prairie fire o'er grassy mead,
Till the whole world may know the New Birth creed.
Then may we sleep without a doubt or fear,
And have no thought of robbers lurking near,
At midnight hour mith Bachanalian cheer.

25.

Then will our prison gates be opened wide,
And brother greet the outward flowing tide.
Then will our bolts and bars be thrown away
And darkness flee before the light of day.
Give us, oh Lord, that happy time!
When man is free from every thought of crime.
Then will our spirit spurn all other ties,
And soar on eagles pinions to the skies,
Unwearied while we seek the golden prize.

26.

Keep and perfect the priceless gifts so pure,
The souls bright jewel, made by Christ so pure.
"This is my Son," God from the skies once said,
And countless numbers woke as from the dead.
And voices many from time's lone dismal shore,
Replied, "Of this great truth we doubt no more."
"This is my lovely son in whom you see,
The perfect image of My Divinity —
And ever changeless to eternity."

27.

Immortal spirit! chainless as the wind,
When thou hast left thy darkened dust behind;
Then clothed in beauty, thou wilt gladly soar,
Where suns go down on sorrowing hearts no more.
The great philosopher of classic Greece,
Holding the fatal cup, with mind at ease—
Said, "I sup with Pluto in the future state."
Then drank the poisoned cup with pagan joy elate
And boldly took the path to Pluto's horrid gate.

28.

Not so the christian! when he comes to die,
His pathway opens to celestial sky;
And when the sun has settled in the west,
With all the splendors that curtain then his rest;
Sees the tall palace of his loved retreat,
With sparkling founts, that bathe his weary feet.
And listens to the silver strains that fall,
Amid the glories of his imperial hall,
Where echoing voices in their love-notes call.

29.

Here are the gardens of God in their bloom,
That shed all around the sweetest perfume;
With tables spread out for guests that appear,
And strains of æolean music so clear—
These enchant the glad spirit recent from earth,
All glowing with love of the christian's New Birth.
Lo! the contrast that's seen in Pluto's drear realms,
And the christian's new home that glory o'erwhelms
With its alcoves of grandeur no pen ever tells.

30.

Does memory haunt you by day and by night?
Till the dawning of morn, when the temple of light,
Opes its pear-gates for the coursers that stand,
All harness'd to scatter the sunbeams on land.
Then seek the New Birth, 'twill make you as pure
As Jesus, who spoke in accents so sure.
His lips are unsulied by falsehood we know,
And He came to save from the red waves of woe,
When our feet are unsteady in the valley below.

31.

Does your memory go back to days full of sorrow?
Ever clouded your sky on the oncoming morrow,
The cool oasis of life's oft burning track,
Seldom found to refresh the path that leads back.
Rejoice then to-day! for Jesus gives time
To wash out the stains of long years of crime;
Be perfect, and keep the treasure once given,
By Him who calls from the mansions of heaven,
On us to come higher, for oft have we striven.

32.

Our Lord will forgive you where'er you may be,
On the mountain's bleak top or mid tossing sea.
He remembers your guilt, no nevermore!
As you step on the sands of the wave beaten shore;
On soft velvet couches He gives you to rest,
And calls you His own, in mansions the best.
We cannot dilate on all of His love,
But 'tis found in imperial alcoves above,
Where the mild air is beaten by wings of the dove.

33.

Do you worship Bachus of Greece in her glory?
As sung by her bards and oft told in story,
Must you ever be led by this wine-god in shame,
To this high beetling cliff dishonor'd in name.
A shame on such manhood who fails to control
This temple so grand, this home of the soul.
Has reason abandoned her empire at last,
And left you to fight all helpless the blast,
That sweeps 'round your bark in terror so fast?

34.

Or worship you Venus, the goddess of love?
Once honored by all in her emerald grove,
And whether in hall ever curtained in white,
With music so fine that it stings with delight;
Or in palace of grandeur unwritten by pen,
Where Cupid leads captive the bravest of men:
Abandon this course! let your light ever shine,
On the mountains of life in that beautiful clime,
Far away from Cupid's loved temple of crime.

35.

Or worhip you Plutus on gold covered throne?
Who leads you away to sorrows unknown.
Do you hunt for the bauble that vanishes soon?
Ere the steeds of the sun have reached the high
noon,
Have your feet trod in pride that temple of sin?
Where foosteps lead only foward within.
There's a treasure that's peerless; never lose sight
Of this glittering gem, that grows brighter by night,
When the monarch of darkness shuts off the light.

36.

Do you worship yourself and think naught of none?
No thought of your brother in sorrow alone,
On life's thorny road 'long the valley of tears,
Uncheered by a sunbeam, ever shadow'd by fears.
Abandon such course! O, my dear brother,
Abandon such course! think more of another;
Ere the angel of death wraps loud at your door,
And finds you so guilty, so lean and so poor,
Awaiting the summons on the cold marble floor.

37.

Keep and perfect! then will your years be long,
And end at last in prayer and holy song;
Drive out the fiend within, and bolt the door,
Then will your years be lengthen'd to fourscore.
Christ who stays till moons go down at night,
Keeps us from harm 'til dawning of the light.
And leaves not even then, but watches o'er
Our wave toss'd bark, till anchored on the shore,
Where phantom terrors haunt us nevermore!

38.

Keep and perfect! the silver moon replies,
As though cerulean chambers of the skies,
She sails her nightly rounds as if to note,
Her sister planets through the ether float.
Keep and perfect! the thunder breaks aloud,
Whilst wing of lightning from the fiery cloud—
Flutters its banners 'fore the rushing wind;
And paints upon the sky "God is ever kind,
And opes the gates of paradise to the blind."

39.

Christ's thoughts are God's — the ever living one,
The Alpha and Omega 'round His throne.
"Keep and perfect!" this truth He speaks to-day,
And as the years like arrow fly away;
Each one draws nearer to the light of lights,
From which the New Born spirit drinks delights.
And drinks from golden cup the generous wine,
That's found alone beyond the shores of time,
Exciting not, but glorious in its prime.

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40.

Our PASSIONS ARE SERPENTS, that nestle within
The soul's sacred temple, causing our sin;
Eject these vile monsters, then may you see,
Mountains of life in the future to be.
They were cast out by Jesus, and the gate
Ever closed on these monsters of hate;
And these are the devils that haunt us to-day,
In costly attire — in splendid array—
In beauty they flatter — in beauty betray.—

41.

No serpent so feared as the serpent of old,
Who entered and coiled in the temple of gold—
Possession he took of this rich furnished hall,
And bore all away in the primitive fall.
We must be born again! or never see
The shining shore, that waits for you and me—
God's garden of beauty glowing with light,
'Gainst the world's warfare and demons of night—
Rejoice and be glad who wage this glorious fight!

42.

Ophidian horrors dreadful in their wrath,
With subtle look now crawling in our path,
Whilst memory with envenomn'd sting,
Ever her phantom pinions o'er us flings.
Such is the fable vision of the damned,
Forever lost! to horrid realms condemned.
May all be born again and ever be!
With Jesus Christ beyond the icy sea,
That rolls its crystal billows to the lea.

43.

Memories are the hounds that haunt us for aye,
That blight the fair flowers of morn's early day;
They haunt us by night and howl 'round our door,
And tread in their rage on the old oaken floor,
Which we trod in our youth with spirits as gay,
As gifts of our God in the bright month of May.
Forget not thy God in the days of your youth!
His teachings are clear and laden with truth,
And full of forgiveness and diamonds of ruth!

44.

Nothing can save from the bite of these hounds,
Except the New Birth, that mantles us 'round.
If not born again, we shall evermore hear,
The howl of these dogs fall loud on our ear,
And hear evermore fabled Cerberus' howl,
The guardian of hell's most fearful growl.
Hope now is with us on her snowy wings,
And joy in fruition from her pinions she flings,
And we drink from the fount that eternally springs.

45.

Our secret sins will find us out, we're told,
A truth more precious than the finest gold;
Ye must be born again, for thought 'tis said,
Will have expression on a dying bed.
Confessions of the wicked have often been,
The true exponent of the soul within;
For that's the living source from which arise,
The hounds that howl our memories to the skies,
In their long night of terror and emprise.

46.

Let the wicked forsake his evil way,
And vilest thoughts, that haunt him through the day;
Then he's born again! and now he sees anew,
Hopes' sparkling eyes like diamond drops of dew.
'Tis the New Birth that's wrought this wondrous change,
This is no miracle, although it may seem strange.
Like one who leaves his darkened dust behind,
Now seeing all things, for his soul's refined,
And open are his eyes, for he's no longer blind.

47.

O, who would not wish to live and forget,
All the sins of his life and never regret?
Go drink if you can of the Lethean tide,
That glides through the realms of Pluto so wide;
The great panacea for guilt in its time,
When the soul has drank of the red waves of crime.
Most delicious this flood to those who are lost,
And wander forever on that stygian coast,
A guilt covered spirit — a disconsolate ghost.

48.

'Tis a fabulous stream — this river of hell,
And its waters are sweet to those who have fell;
For it blots from memory all deeds of the past,
As the soul sinks down in oblivion at last.
Sleeps it forever in silence and nevermore,
To be haunted for aye on Pluto's drear shore.
And forever released from memories pain,
That throws 'round the soul its long endless chain;
But it never awakens to glory again.

49.

He comes! He comes! His gorgeous banners wave
In splendor, 'bove the sleepers of the grave.
O, day of terror to the guilty soul!
That hears the trumpets blast like thunder's roll;
Leaping from crag to crag in rapid flight,
Calling the sleeper from the depths of night;
And gliding 'neath old ocean's crystal tide,
Beneath the crested billows in their pride,
Rolling to landward o'er the waters wide.

50.

A thousand years will roll around in peace,
And love to Christ will evermore increase;
Whilst New Birth souls will then in joy behold,
This halcyon dream fulfill'd, so long fortold,
A thousand years! when Christ shall be as when
He walked unarmed among the vilest men—
All love, all smiles, as when the golden sun,
Breaks through the drifts of storm his course to run,
All life as first whene'er his course is done.

51.

A thousand years! glorious and sublime,
Uncounted by the tolling clock of time;
But passing like a fleeting dream away,
Of youthful joys in summer's cloudless day.
Rejoice we now in thinking of the hour,
That binds in fetters fast satanic power.
O happy they, the New Birth souls so bless'd!
When they begin their everlasting rest,
In mansions gay, forever then the best.

52.

Lo! now the just appear, who first have come,
To claim the promise, found in peaceful home;
"Go, walk these streets, ye blessed ones for aye,
'Neath emerald alcoves of eternal day;
This we have promised, this we now fulfill,
Where suns go never down behind yon hill."
This is the alpha of the New Birth — soul,
Undim'd by age, for under Christ's control,
More sure than stars that blaze around the pole."

53.

None but the New Born souls can enter here,
These sorrow not, nor shed the scalding tear;
Redeemed are these by blood of Christ once shed,
And undisturbed forever in their quiet bed,
A thousand years! each one has found a place,
In the great ocean of God's enduring grace.
A thousand years! Lo! yonder myriad host,
Appear in view, all numbered 'mong the lost—
Now ashes, trampled by the countless just.

54.

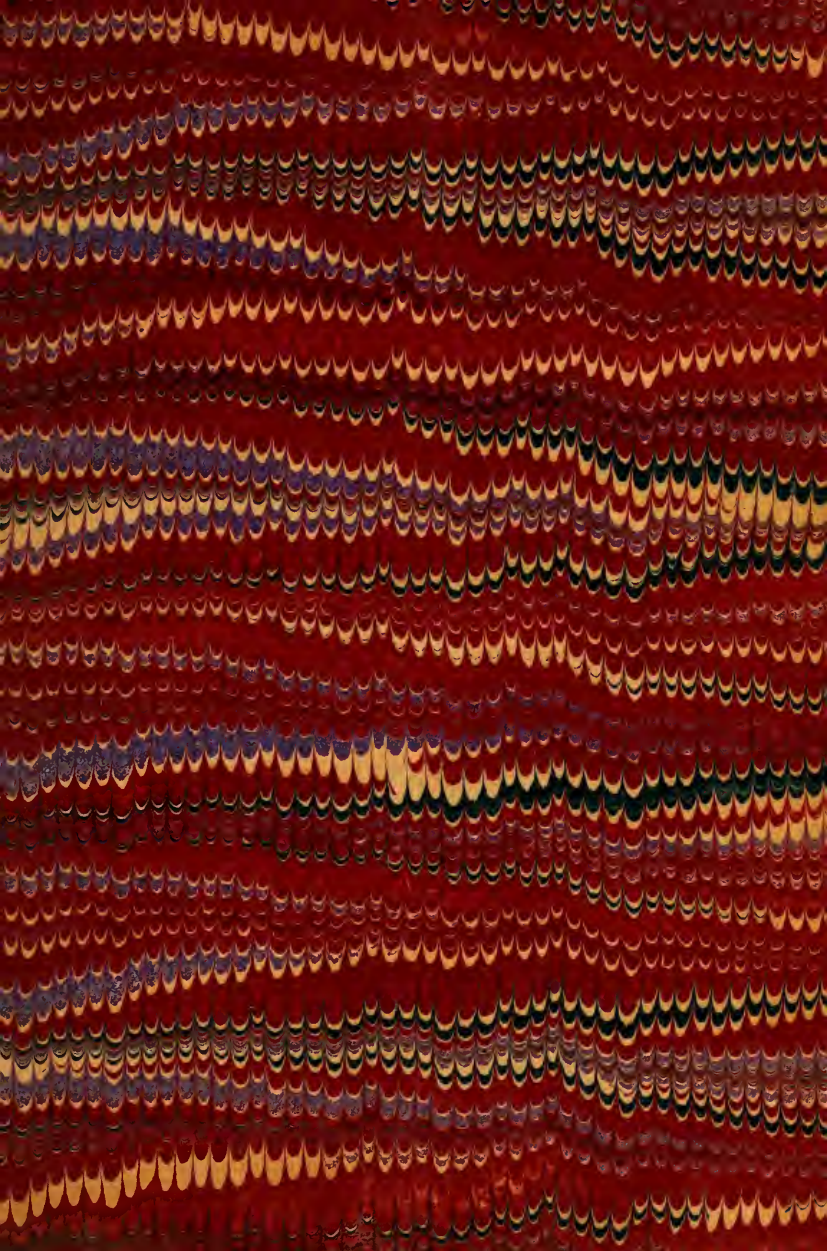
Faith is the key-stone of this mighty arch,
Beneath which we in life's short journey march;
Led by charity on her oft thorny way,
'Long paths of duty cheered by the light of day.
Whilst hope on plumage white as Alpine snow,
That's flash'd 'neath sunbeams of the long ago;
Flutters her wings and points to yonder sky,
Where all her treasures in their beauty lie,
Undimm'd by age and nevermore to die!

Finis.

ERRATA.

Page 29, v. 44, 6th line, read: dragon-footed fears.
Page 32, v. 3, 2d line, read: armor for the fray —
Page 57, v. 20, 8th line, read: that rain their iron showers.

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